Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a king.
Glo. Short *Sommers* lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lo: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couzen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle, O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowne me far.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore he is idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couzen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couzen, with all my hart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift the that, *Ile* giue my cozen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword to it.
Glo. I gentle couzen, were it light enough.
Yor. O than I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In waightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too waightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am litle like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouid
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues h
He pretely and aptly taunts himſel
So cunning and ſo yong, is wonder
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you pa
My ſelfe and my good couzen *Bu*
Will to your mother, to entreat of
To meet you at the Tower, and we
Yor. What will you go vnto the
Prin. My Lord Protector will h
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare
Yor. Mary my vncle Clarence an
My Granam told me he was murd
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I ne
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt, Dorſ.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litt
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile m
To taunt and ſcorne you thus oppr
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, ca
He is all the mothers, from the top
Buc. Well let them reſt: Come hit
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effe
As cloſely to conceale what we imp
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie
To make william L. Haſtings of o
For the inſtalment of this noble Du
In the ſeate royall of this famous I
Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo lo
That he will not be wonne to ough
Buc. What thinkeſt thou then o